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GOETHE'S LIFE.

In one of our earlier numbers we inserted an extract from the celebrated Goethe's History of his own Life, to which he has given the rather singular title of "Fiction and Truth." We have been informed that the author at first thought of comprising the whole in about four volumes. However, the three first volumes that were published not having advanced the history so far as was expected, and many readers, as it should seem, being impatient to arrive at a more interesting period of the life of the author, he was induced to pass over an interval of several years, (to be filled up at a future time,) and to begin a second division of his work; comprising his travels in Italy. The first volume of this second part was published some months ago; of the second volume, which is under the press, we have obtained several extracts, some of which we shall translate for the entertainment of our readers, without, however, restricting ourselves to the exact chronological order of the dates; which is the less necessary, as this tour was performed above forty years ago. We merely observe, that the author travelled through Italy in its whole length to Naples, where he embarked for Sicily. Among our extracts are some from Naples, Palermo, and Messina. The first extract, however, which we have selected to translate, is the following.

Monday, May 14, 1787.

(At Sea. On the passage from Messina to Naples.)

Thus the afternoon passed away without our entering, as we wished, into the Gulf of Naples. On the contrary, we were constantly driven westwards, and our vessel, as it approached the island of Capri, left Cape Minerva more and more at a distance. Every body was vexed and impatient, but we two, who looked at the world with the eyes of lovers of the picturesque, had reason to be perfectly satisfied, for at sun-set we enjoyed the most glorious prospect that the whole voyage had afforded us. Before our eyes lay Cape Minerva, and the mountains connected with it, glowing with the most splendid colouring, while the rocks, stretching to the south, already began to assume a bluish hue. From the cape, the coast extending to Sorrento was illumined by the departing beams. Mount Vesuvius was visible; an immense volume of smoke towered above its summit, from which a long streak extended far to the east, and gave us reason to

presume a violent eruption. At the left lay Capri, rising almost perpendicularly; the forms of its rocky cliffs were perfectly distinguishable through the bluish transparent vapour. Under a perfectly serene, cloudless sky, shone the calm scarcely agitated sea, which, at last, as the wind entirely died away, lay stretched out before us like a transparent lake. We were wrapt in ecstasy at the contemplation of the scene. R. Kniep lamented, that all the art of colouring was insufficient to represent the harmony of those tints, as the finest English pencil would not enable the most skillful hand to trace the delicacy of these lines. I, on the other hand, convinced that a far inferior representation to what this able artist was capable of giving, would be at a future time highly desirable, encouraged him to exert his hand and his eye for the last time: he suffered himself to be persuaded, and produced one of the most accurate drawings, which he afterwards coloured, and gave an example, that even the impossible may be attained by the art of design. The transition from evening to night was watched by us with equally eager eyes. Capri lay quite dark before us, and to our astonishment the cloud over Vesuvius was inflamed, as well as the cloudy streak, growing continually more and more fiery; and we saw at last a considerable extent of the atmosphere in the back-ground of our picture enlightened, and even irradiated by flashes of lightning.

"Amidst the enjoyment of these welcome scenes, we had not observed that we were threatened with a great misfortune; but the confusion among the passengers did not long leave us in uncertainty. They, better acquainted with sea affairs than we were, bitterly reproached the master of the vessel and his pilot, that by their want of skill, not only the Strait was missed, but the people, goods, and every thing entrusted to them, were in danger of perishing. We enquired the reason of this alarm, as we could not conceive, that in a perfect calm, any misfortune was to be feared. But it was this very calm which rendered the people inconsolable: we are, said they, already in the current, which goes round the island, and by a singular motion of the waves, draws a vessel slowly, but irresistibly, to the steep rocks, where neither projection nor indenture of a foot breadth is given for escape.

"Our attention being excited by this language, we considered our fate with horror: for though the night did not allow us to see the increasing danger, we remarked that the vessel, wavering and unsteady, approached the rocks, which stood darker and darker before us, while the broad expanse of the sea still faintly glimmered in the last rays of the evening twilight; not the slightest motion was perceptible in the air; every body held up handkerchiefs and light ribbons, but not the slightest sign appeared of the desired breeze. The people grew more

loud and wild: the women did not pray kneeling on the deck with their children, but because the space was too confined to move, lay crowded together. They, more than the men, who coolly thought on means of safety, scolded and abused the captain. Now he was upbraided with every thing that had been passed over in silence during the voyage; for much money, bad accommodation, inferior nourishment, his behaviour, which though not rude, was reserved. He had given nobody an account of his actions; nay, even this last evening had observed an obstinate silence respecting his manœuvres. He and his pilot were said to be a couple of adventurers without knowledge of navigation, who, out of mere lust of gain, had contrived to become possessed of a vessel, and now by their incapacity and awkwardness carried into destruction those who had confided themselves to their care. The captain was silent, and seemed to meditate on the means of our deliverance: as for myself, to whom, from my youth, nothing had been so vexatious as anarchy, I could not possibly remain silent any longer. I stepped forward, and addressed them. I represented to them, that just at this moment, in particular, their noise and clamour hindered and confounded those, from whom alone we could expect our deliverance, so that they could neither think nor understand each other. 'As for you,' said I, 'look into yourselves, and then address your fervent prayers to the mother of God, on whom alone it depends whether she will mediate with her son, that he may do for you what he formerly did for his apostles, when the waves of the stormy sea of Tiberias dashed over the ship, while the Lord slept: who, however, when the disconsolate and helpless disciples waked him, immediately commanded the winds to be hushed, so as he now can command the breeze to blow, if such be his divine will.'

"These words produced the best effect. One of the women, with whom I had been conversing before on moral and religious subjects, exclaimed, *Ah il Barlame! benedetto il Barlame!* And they really began, as they were already on their knees, eagerly to pray, with more than usual fervour. They could do this with the more composure, as the sailors attempted a means to save us, which at least addressed itself to the eyesight; they hoisted out the boat, which, indeed, could hold only six or eight men; fastened it by a long rope to the ship, which the boat's crew endeavoured to tow out of danger. Indeed, we thought for a moment that they moved it in the current, and hoped to see it soon safely out of it. But whether these very efforts increased the counter-power of the current, or whatever might be the cause, the boat, with its crew at the end of the long rope, was dashed backwards in a curve towards the ship, something like the lash of a carman's whip.

This hope also was given up! Prayers and lamentations succeeded each other, and our situation became still more appalling, as the goatherds on the summit of the rocks, whose fires we had long seen, called out in a deep hollow voice, 'The ship is standing.' They also called to each other a great deal, which we did not comprehend, but some persons acquainted with the language, fancied they could understand, that they rejoiced at the prospect of the booty which they hoped to pick up the following morning. Even the consolatory doubt, whether the ship really approached the rocks in so alarming a manner, was too soon dispelled, for the crew provided themselves with long poles, in order with them to keep the ship from the rocks, if it should come to the worst, till at last these should break and all be lost. The ship rolled more and more, the surf seemed to increase, and all this bringing back my sea-sickness, made me resolve to go down into the cabin. I lay down half stupefied on my matras, but yet with a certain agreeable sensation, which seemed to be derived from the sea of Tiberias, for the print in Merian's Bible was quite clear before my eyes. And thus the power of all moral impressions made on the senses, always proves itself the strongest, when man is entirely thrown back upon himself. How long I had lain in this half sleep I am unable to say, but I was roused by a very great noise over my head; I plainly perceived that it came from the great ropes being dragged over the deck, this gave me hopes that they were rising the sails. In a few moments Kniep ran down to me, and told me we were saved; a breath of air had arisen, they had immediately hastened to hoist the sails; he himself lent a hand: we were visibly leaving the rock, and though not quite out of the current, it was hoped we should soon overcome it. All above was still; several of the passengers then came down, announced the happy result, and laid themselves down to rest.

"As I awoke early in the morning of the fourth day of our voyage, I found myself quite ravished and well, as I had been at the same period of my first voyage; so that in longer voyages I should probably have paid my tribute with three days' sickness.

"Standing on deck, I saw with pleasure the island of Capri at a pretty considerable distance, and our ship in such a direction that we might hope to sail into the gulf, which we accordingly did soon after. We had now the pleasure, after a perilous passage, to admire again, but in an opposite light, the objects which had so delighted us the preceding evening. Soon we left the dangerous rocky island behind us. If we had admired yesterday this right side of the Bay at a distance, we had now the castles and the city exactly before us; on the left Pauselippo, and the promontories which stretch towards Procida and Ischia. Every body was on deck; in the front, a Greek priest, highly prejudiced in favour of his own native East, who, when our people, who hailed with transport their lovely country, asked him, what he thought of Naples, compared with Constantinople, replied in a very

pathetic tone of voice, *anche questa è una città!*—This too is a city!—We arrived at the right time at the port, surrounded with the hum of busy multitudes. It was the liveliest moment of the day. Scarcely were our trunks and other effects taken out of the vessel, and landed on the beach, when two porters immediately seized on them, and hardly had we said that we should lodge at Moriconi's, when they ran off with their burden as with a prize, so that we could not follow them with our eyes through the crowded street and tumultuous market.—Kniep had the portfolio under his arm, and we should at least have saved the drawing, had these porters, less honest than the Neapolitan poor devils, robbed us of that which the waves had spared."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TOPOGRAPHY OF ATHENS—ELGIN MARBLES, &c.

Sir, In the *literary game*, as well as in the *ludus literarius*, few competitors are willing to let the ball drop upon their side, unless they are exhausted, or beaten by superior skill; more especially, if they have not possessed the advantage of first throw. Partly upon this principle, and partly because I would not appear to slight, though I may dissent from, the arguments which Mr. Wilkins has offered, in No. 44, in support of his peculiar opinions with regard to the Topography of Athens, I would crave your patience for the following remarks.

I am sorry that I should have caused Mr. Wilkins the trouble of defending his judgment on the Elgin Marbles. It would occupy more space than I have any right to expect in your columns to enter now on a discussion of their merits; but I may be permitted to infer, from the extracts which Mr. Wilkins has made from the report laid before the House of Commons, that the gentlemen of whom he speaks are *unanimous* in their opinion as to the only point of importance in the present case. That they should differ in their estimation of the comparative value of the statues is not extraordinary, nor does it invalidate their testimony, as "unquestionable judges of true excellence in the imitative arts." They are agreed that the best of the Elgin Marbles stand in the *first rank*. In justification of my own assertion of this unanimity among the most eminent artists, both sculptors and painters, in this country, I would add to Mr. Wilkin's quotations one or two more. In answer to the general question put by the committee—In what class do you place the marbles brought to England by Lord Elgin? Mr. Nollekens replies, "I compare them to the finest of Italy."—Mr. Flaxman, "the

Elgin Marbles are mostly basso-relievos, and the finest works of art I have seen."

—Mr. Westmacott, "I rate them of the first class of art."—Mr. Chantry, "unquestionably in the first."—Mr. Rossi, "the finest that I have ever seen."—Sir Thomas Lawrence, "in the very highest."—Mr. West, "in the first of dignified art."—Here ends the list of *professional* judges, and here ends, too, the unanimity. All, however, who heard Signor Canova speak upon this subject, will, I believe, attest to his opinion being in perfect unison with those already cited. As to my own pretensions to skill in these matters, I am very willing to admit that they are small indeed; and most certainly that my profession does not render me "a qualified critic" of sculptured marbles: neither does that of Mr. Wilkins render him so. Here we must stand or fall together. I have endeavoured to correct my judgment by careful and "extensive observations on" nearly all the finest Greek and Roman statues, but that still I have not "the presumption to offer" myself "to the public as a qualified critic," I may perhaps be excused for transcribing my own words as evidence. "These several details which are essential to a due description of all subjects of antiquity, will be given with as much perspicuity as very humble qualifications will permit." Elgin Marb. p. 178.

After all, Mr. Wilkins will observe that it is he, and not I, who made the application to himself of my allusion to a case which seemed to involve the self-delusion which he had previously attributed to me.

Once more then to Athens, and the Temple of Aglauros. I did not reply fully to the charge of Mr. Wilkins for the reason I then assigned, but I have no objection, since he wishes it, to repeat what I have said before, and to anticipate what will be said in another place, namely, that the authorities of Pausanias and Herodotus are perfectly reconcilable, to my apprehension, with that of Ulpian, and therefore that there is no necessity for rejecting either of the three.

The indefatigable and learned Meursius, who has collected from different authors every passage relating to the Temple of Aglauros, (Athen. Att. 1. 7. and Reg. Athen. 1. 11.) does not question the authenticity of Ulpian's statement, either as to the existence of a Temple of Aglauros or as to its being situated "near the Propylæa." This is some authority for supposing that neither Ulpian nor I "have fallen into" a very egregious "error" in conceiving, that the

front of the Acropolis was at the end at which the approach and entrance were, rather than at the one diametrically opposite. It is difficult to conceive what could constitute the eastern end, to which there was no access, in any sense, a front. My simile of St. Paul's Cathedral would, I acknowledge, have been incorrect; had I said that the south door was as far behind the western entrance as one at the east would be; but I used the term, "as much," which expresses sufficiently my meaning. If Mr. Wilkins would prefer the church-yard, I would only remark that to make it consistent with my position, "the point" in question must not be placed "a little to the right of the western gateway," but round the corner to the south.

The account given by Pausanias is as follows: "Above," higher up than, "the Temple of the Dioscuri, is the fane (ῥέρος) of Aglauros." "Herse and Pandrosus," he adds, "having disobeyed Minerva, were driven by the Furies over an extremely steep (μάλιστα ἀνόρθον) part of the Acropolis, κατὰ τοῦτο, towards that place at which the Medes ascending slew all those of the Athenians, who believing that they understood the oracle better than Themistocles, had fortified themselves in the Acropolis with wooden palisades." Here then is the reason for the garrison having left the place unguarded, and for their being surprised because they fancied themselves wiser than their neighbours, and trusted to an insufficient protection. Pausanias proceeds thus; Πανόριον δὲ Πρυτανεῖον ἐστίν, near is the Prytaneum. Near to what? why, to the way which led him from the Temple of the Dioscuri to that of Aglauros; and so it was, if the ancient track lay in the same direction as the modern one. Pausanias does not say that it adjoins, and in the plan it is not above 300 yards distant. The Prytaneum might also be somewhat further westward than I or Mr. Wilkins have marked its supposed locality.

Herodotus tells us, that "in the front, (at the east end, or that which faced the hill of Areopagus,) but behind the gates, where there was no guard, and where it was supposed that no one could get up, some of the barbarians ascended the citadel near to the Temple of Aglauros the daughter of Cecrops, although the place was abrupt (καίτοις ἀνόρθον) ἐπὶ τοῖς τοῖς χώροις."

Supposing the point of escalade to have been at the east end of the south side, where the limestone rock is abrupt, just at the back of the Propylæa, it was, surely, extremely probable that the Per-

sian troops would facilitate their ascent by passing close under the Temple of Aglauros, where there now appears to be, and perhaps was then, an accumulation of alluvial soil and rocky fragments. If this were so, which I cannot but think reasonable, then the apparent contraries are reconciled.

Does Mr. Wilkins transcribe the long passage from M. Visconti to prove that he has a companion in mistake? Granted. Five minutes observation may convince him, or any of your readers who may think the investigation worth their trouble, that "there is not one trace of an Amazon throughout the bas-relief."

I contend, then, distinctly against the objections of Mr. Wilkins—1. That he has not rendered correctly the epithets of Pausanias and Herodotus; the former meaning *extremely abrupt*, the latter *abrupt* without any adjunct. That both these epithets refer to the precipitous structure and not to the height of the rock. 2d. That the place which I suppose to be the point of escalade is not "the least abrupt," although it is not so high as the cliff further eastward. 3d. That as Ulpian's testimony is reconcilable with the other two, and has hitherto been so accepted, there is no just reason for rejecting it. 4th. That the frieze of the little Ionic Temple disproves Mr. Wilkins' idea of its original destination upon his own principles.

I too regret that I have been led into an error in supposing that there was no entrance into the Pandroseum from without. Had Mr. Wilkins sooner explained that the "continued pedestal" was *discontinued*, I should certainly not have ventured to assert otherwise. But, admitting that there was an opening, or door-way, does it demonstrate that the stylagmatic building was not itself a Temple? Whether it were or were not, the ναὸς Πανδρῶσος must rest upon more convincing facts. In referring to Stuart's description of the Erechtheum, Mr. Wilkins has shown, indeed, that it is not consistent with that portion of the text of Pausanias which he quotes "Ἐστὶ, κ. τ. λ.;" but had he turned over the leaf, he would have found another passage equally connected with the subject, which seems to render the triple nature of the whole building as evident as that two and one make three. τῇ ναὶ δὲ τῆς Ἀθηνᾶς Πανδρῶσος ναὸς συνεχὴς ἐστὶ. The eastern division of the Duplex Temple was dedicated to Neptune, as some suppose by the surname of Erechtheus; the western division to Minerva Polias, and to this latter was "attached the Temple of Pandrosus." These constituted together

the "three contiguous temples" of which Stuart speaks.

When M. Visconti shall have declared himself convinced of his present interpretation of the "Athenian inscription" being erroneous, his authority will doubtless add some weight to Mr. Wilkins's scale; but till that be the case, his unaltered opinion casts more into the opposite one. At least M. Visconti discovered what Mr. Wilkins had not done with ten times the attention,—the use of the numeral letters.

There is no question respecting the word πορταῖς meaning a portico, but I assert that it is also applicable to any other structure attached to the front of a building; nay, if it be synonymous with πορταῖον, it is a step yet further in advance—that which is in front of a portico. Still, then, there is no authority for affirming that πορταῖς is definitely a portico; and when Mr. Wilkins reminds me that the same term is applied to "the hexastyle front facing the east," he translates precisely as I should do. I cannot find that "three porticoes" are "severally alluded to" in the inscription, or rather that the word πορταῖς is used with reference to three sides; but here I may be wrong. Of technical and obsolete terms in architecture, I confess myself by no means so good a judge as Mr. Wilkins, but surely the word πορταῖς is neither the one nor the other. It is very probable that Dr. Chandler's transcript of the marble may be erroneous, but I should doubt exceedingly whether Mr. Wilkins, with much more technical knowledge, can repair the injuries of time, and so determine the sense of the inscription as to deprive those who may be fond of such speculations of their amusement in forming probable conjectures.

I cannot but feel indebted to Mr. Wilkins for bringing to my recollection the word παρταῖς; although I do not perceive his object. Had he shown me authority for translating παρταῖς a portico, analogy might have led me to believe that πορταῖς should be similarly rendered. Πορταῖς and παρταῖς are formed in the same manner, and bear an affinity of sense; so are πορταῖς and παρταῖς, but these latter are, in general acceptance, as distinct from the former in their meaning, as in their terminations. If therefore the insulated authority which he does adduce for using πορταῖς as πορταῖς be extremely indefinite, and the analogy of language point out a distinct application of the terms, I may safely concede to Mr. Wilkins, that "the evidence afforded by the Athenian

inscription is conclusive;" but perhaps your readers will agree with me, that it is conclusive *against* his ideas of the Pandroseum.

I will trouble you with but one more remark. Mr. Wilkins began this controversy by accusing me of having deluded myself into any idea that I was capable of illustrating the Topography of Athens without having visited the spot. How does he prove my disqualification? by shewing—that two principal points of my difference with him, the situation of the Temple of Aglauros, and the identity of the Pandroseum, are to be best determined by the evidence which is to be sought—not on the Acropolis of Athens, but in Great Russel-Street in London. For this testimony in my favour, I cannot but offer the best thanks of, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

E. J. BURROW.

Easton-Square, Nov. 26, 1817.

DAVID HUME.

The annexed letter, which will terminate our extracts from Mr. Hume's inedited correspondence, with the exception of what will appear in our next No., acquires an additional interest from the contrast it affords to recent practices in the treatment of British subjects in France at the breaking out of war, and also in the treatment of aliens among ourselves. Times are certainly altered: is it for the better? The scandalous chronicle, and other subjects with which it concludes, would be amusing from any pen.

London 27 November 1767

I was always sensible, Dear Madam, that there were several inconveniencies attending one's settlement in a foreign country. But I was never much alarmed with any of them, except that of wars breaking out between France and England; an Event, which, from the opposite Interests and still more the contrary humours of the two Nations, is always to be dreaded. In this respect, it must be owned, that France has not usually adopted such a liberal Practice as that of England. No Frenchman is ever expelled this Country even when the Sovereigns are at war; but this is almost always the case in France; and on the commencement of the last hostilities, some Englishmen, who had great Protection; and who earnestly desired to remain, were yet obliged to leave the Country. I suppose the reason of this difference in conduct proceeds from the difference of our Governments; For as we cannot pretend to secrecy we care not who is acquainted with our measures which is not precisely the case with you.

This prospect, I own, always gave me uneasiness. A man in the decline of Life, to be expelled a Country, which he had chosen for the place of his residence, and where he

had formed a number of agreeable connexions, must suffer a violent shock; especially, if he is to return to Company, less suited to him, and who are perhaps disgusted with the Preference given to Foreigners. But I was willing to shut my Eyes to this Inconvenience which was distant and depended on Accident, I could more easily bear this Prospect, than the immediate and final separation from friends whom I loved; and I shall not name to you the person who had the chief hand in my taking this Determination. But here another office has been conferred upon me, which tho' I did not desire it, I could not avoid; and I should return to settle in France, after being twice employed by the English Ministry in places of trust and Confidence: Could I hope that in case of a war, I should be allowed to remain unmolested; when even considered in the light of a man of Letters, I could scarcely flatter myself with enjoying that Privilege. Add to this, that, when I shall get rid of this office, (which I hope will be soon) I am almost universally exhorted to continue my History; and all imaginable Assistance has been promised me. The King himself has been pleased to order that all the records and Public Offices shall be open to me: and has even sent for some Papers from Hanover which he thought would be useful. You see then, my dear friend, what reason I have to remain in suspense. For even tho' a Permission should be given me to remain at Paris, in case of a Rupture the most unexceptionable Conduct could not free me entirely from Suspicion; and I must tremble at every mark of Jealousy or ill will from every clerk in Office. However I cannot yet renounce the Idea, which was long so agreeable to me, of ending my days in a society which I love, and which I found peculiarly fitted to my Humour and Disposition. I can only delay the taking any Determination till the event shall require it of me.

I saw here with Lord Holderness an Architect recommended to him by you and the Prince of Conti. You may believe that these names were not indifferent to me. I immediately gave him a letter to my Friend Mr. Adam, a man of Genius and allowed to be the best Architect in this Country, or perhaps in Europe. He delivered the letter; but some affairs called him suddenly from this Country, so that Adam had not an opportunity to be so serviceable to him as he intended.

Horace Walpole told me he was so happy as to see you several times at Paris. I was much pleased with the account he gave me of your state of health and spirits and way of life. I hope he was not deceived. Next to this I should be happy to hear good accounts or rather the continuance of good accounts of the Count de Boufflers. I foresee that the satisfaction of your future Life is likely to depend much on his Conduct.

There is an affair broke out which makes a great noise, between Lady Bolingbroke and your friend Beauclerc. This Lady was separated from her husband sometime ago, but tis pretended bore a child lately to Mr. Beauclerc, and it is certain her husband has begun a process for a Divorce in which

nobody doubts of his success. It is a great pity: she is handsome, and agreeable and ingenious far beyond the ordinary Rate. I know not whether she was of your acquaintance.

Pray remember me in the kindest and most respectful manner to Mde. de Barbantane, Let her know that I answered her letter long ago. This I mention, not that I looked for any answer from her. For mine required no answer. But I am really afraid, that my letter might have miscarried; because I put somewhat imprudently an Article of News in it which might have been the Cause of its being intercepted: In which case she would naturally be inclined to blame my negligence.

I hope you remember that the New Year is approaching and that you think of your promise at this time.

REMARKABLE LETTER OF COLUMBUS. (Concluded.)

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

When they have overcome their fear, they are an uncommonly simple, good race of men, extremely ready to part with whatever they possess. They indeed shew the greatest willingness in every thing. They part with things of great value for mere trifles, and are satisfied, in making an exchange, with little or nothing. I therefore ordered that they should not be cheated, by giving them articles wholly insignificant and worthless, as for example, fragments of earthen vessels, glass, nails, &c. though it is not to be denied that they fancied themselves possessed of the finest ornaments when they obtained such things. On one occasion a sailor received for a nail as much gold as would make three nobles, and in the same manner they gave for articles of still less value, whatever he who offered them thought proper to demand. But as I considered this to be an unjust kind of traffic, I prohibited it, and gave them more useful, and finer articles, which I had brought with me, without requiring any thing for them, in order to gain their confidence, and so to induce them to embrace the Christian religion, to prepossess them in favour of our King, the Queen, the nobility, and the whole Spanish nation; and that I might be able to seek out for ourselves things of which they had abundance, and of which we were in want. As they had very large quantities of them, they were able to enter into a traffic with us. They pay no worship to idols, but they appear to have a firm conviction, that all good, strength and power come from heaven, whence they really imagined that I was come with my ships and sailors, as I learned from them when they had so far conquered their fear that I could converse with them. They are neither indolent, nor rude; on the contrary, they have penetration and capacity: the narratives of those who have been at sea, of the various things they have seen, are very intelligent and animated. But none of them has ever seen people wearing clothes, or ships like ours. As soon as I arrived in this sea, I took with me by force some of the inhabitants of the first island which I

met with, that in the course of the voyage they might be instructed by us, and we in our turn by them, in things with which they were acquainted; and this plan succeeded perfectly well. We soon understood them, and they us, by gestures and signs, and even by words. They were extremely useful to us, but as long as they were and still are with us, they never gave up the idea that I had descended from heaven, and wherever we landed they spread this opinion, by calling out repeatedly in a loud voice, "Come, come, you will see a kind of heavenly beings."

As these simple people looked upon us as a kind of supernatural beings, the consequence was that they laid aside their first fears, and men, women, and children, old and young, flocked in great numbers from all their dwellings and surrounded us. Some offered food, others drink, with the greatest and most incredible friendliness. All these islands possess a great many boats of durable wood, and though they are very narrow, they however resemble our boats, both in their length and in their form; only they are far more rapid in their motions. They are put in motion by oars. Some are broad, others narrow, others again of a middle size. With the largest they go from one island to another, and carry on their trade with all the islands, numerous as they are. I have seen some of these boats or barks with seventy or eighty rowers. In all these islands, there is no difference in the external appearance of the inhabitants. Their language and manners are the same, so that they all understand each other; a circumstance which is particularly important in respect to the object of our most august King. I mean their conversion to the Christian faith. As far as I can perceive, they are by no means indisposed to this design. I have already said that I sailed 322 miles eastwards on the coast of the island of Joanna, and from all that I saw and heard I am convinced that this island is larger than England and Scotland together. It contains two other large provinces, which I have not yet seen. In one of them, which the Indians call *Aran*, there are men with tails, and this province is 180 miles long. Such are the accounts of the Indians whom I have with me and who are well acquainted with these islands. I suppose that the extent of the island of Hispania is greater than all Spain, if I consider the side along which I sailed in a straight line from West to East, about 540 miles, as one fourth of the whole. Though I have formally taken possession of all these islands in the name of our invincible King, I directed my attention particularly to Hispania, for the foundation of a capital town, as the most advantageous place for trade, and for every means of acquiring riches: to which town I have given the name of The Nativity of our Saviour, and of which I have more especially taken possession for the King. Here I immediately gave orders to build a fort, which will soon be finished, and will be able to contain the necessary men, with arms of all kinds, and provisions for more than a year. Here I shall establish a carpenter's shop, and leave skilful people not only in

this but in other arts, partly as a recompence for the kindness and friendship with which the King of this island treated me. The inhabitants were extremely amiable, and friendly. The King even did me the honour to call me his brother. Even if their sentiments should change, they cannot injure those who have remained in the fort, if they were ever so much inclined to it. They are extremely afraid of fire arms, are naked, and uncommonly timid, so that the possessors of the fort may in truth be said to have the whole island in their power, without any danger to their own persons, if they keep themselves within the bounds and in the order which I have prescribed to them.

In all these Islands, according to the information I have obtained, no man has more than one wife, except the King and chiefs, many of whom may have twenty. The women seem to work more than the men, and I never could discover whether the right of property is in force among them; for I always observed that these people participated with each other whatever they possessed, particularly provisions, and such things. I found no man-eaters among them, as many imagined, but every where men of a sedate and mild appearance. Neither are they black like the Africans: their hair is smooth and long. Indeed they do not live in a country where the beams of the sun have an extremely powerful effect, as they are 26° distant from the equator. The cold is very severe on the mountains; but the Indians in these parts, protect themselves against the disagreeable influence of it, in some measure by the use of food highly seasoned with spices, of which they are extremely fond: besides they are used to the climate.

There are, as I have said, no man-eaters there, at least I have seen none; and the accounts I received of such, regarded the inhabitants of an island called *Charis*, which for those who sail to India, is the second in succession, immediately after the island of Hispania. These people are considered by their neighbours as very savage, and are even said to eat human flesh. They have various kinds of boats, with which they go to the other islands, and carry off every thing that falls into their hands. They do not differ in external appearance from the other islanders, in any respect, except that like the women they have long hair. They make use of bows, and of lances with polished points, which as I have said are fastened to the thicker end of the spear. On account of their savageness they are the terror of the Indians; but to me they do not appear more formidable than the others: they live with a race of women who are the only inhabitants of a neighbouring island. These women do not employ themselves with female occupations, but, like the men, carry bows and lances, and wear armour of brass, of which there is abundance on their island. I have been told that there is in the same sea another island larger than Hispania, the inhabitants of which have no lances, but like the others, abundance of gold. Some of the inhabitants of this and of other islands which I have seen, are with me, and confirm by their testimony the above-mentioned circum-

stances. In fine, to express in a few words the advantages of this first short voyage, and speedy return, I can faithfully promise to furnish our invincible sovereign, if I am graciously supported by him, with as much gold as he wants, and as large a quantity of spices, aloes, and rhubarb, as His Majesty can desire. I do not doubt but all this may be collected in great quantities, by the men whom I left in the fort; for I would not stop any longer than I was obliged by the wind, except the time that I remained at Natividad, while the fort was building, and I was taking measures for the security of those who were to be left behind. These are great and till now unheard-of advantages; but they might be greatly increased, if, as would be just, a greater number of ships were given to me. This great and wonderful field of discoveries, is far above our merit, and is conformable only to the glory of the Christian faith, to the piety and devotion of our sovereigns. It is not the work of a human understanding, but only the gift of a Divine Spirit. It is nothing uncommon that God hears the requests of his servants, even when it seems that they ask impossibilities, as he has ordained it with us, to whom it has been granted to execute things, which seemed to be beyond the bounds of human power. For whatever hints respecting the existence of these islands may have been formerly given, as well in writing as verbally, it is however certain that they were but dark conjectures, and that nobody ever has affirmed that he had seen them; and consequently their existence seemed quite fabulous. Therefore let our King, the Queen, their nobles, and all their happy kingdoms, and in fine all Christian nations, give their thanks to our Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ, for having honoured us with such great favour and victory. Let solemn processions and other holy acts of divine worship be performed, and let the temples be adorned with festal wreaths. Glory henceforward to the Son of God, in earth as in heaven, for the advances forwards to bless the lost souls of the heathens. We will therefore rejoice as well at the spreading of our Christian faith, as at the increase of our temporal advantages, in which not Spain alone but all Christendom will participate. This therefore is a short account of our proceedings. Farewell.

Lisbon. The day before the Idea of March.

EPITAPHS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Dr. Young in his preface to one of his *Night Thoughts* remarks, that it would be as well if we were at war with the Levites, as with the people of France. It is but fair to balance the account, and as we are at peace with the French nation, to let no undue prejudice prevent us from acknowledging and even adopting whatever we find worthy of attention, and which may have escaped our notice. There has appeared in the French papers a recent regulation to be observed in bringing into a more rational and moral view the Inscriptions and Epitaphs in the different cemeteries of that kingdom.

If the subject were not too serious for such

a remark, one might be inclined to say that a collection of church-yard poetry, would rival Joe Miller, and stand next upon the laughing list to Colman's Broad Grins. But wit or humour upon a tomb-stone is like placing a cap and bells upon a death's head.

The elegant author of the Elegy in a Country Church Yard, has very judiciously kept out of sight the productions of the unlettered muse, or they would have put to flight the serious tone and sober garb with which his fancy has pictured the rustic's grave.

It is sometimes the mark of a great mind or a good temper, when a man jests with his own infirmities, but a jest upon our last remains, has too much of levity or pride; and is far removed from that elevation of soul which regards death with equanimity, upon the principles of piety and resignation.

It should seem, however, from the ludicrous inscriptions to be met with in our church yards, (more especially in the country) that men were determined to make a jest of the grave, and we can hardly tell whether to drop a tear on the weakness, or to smile at the folly of these "frail memorials," so different from what the poet beautifully expresses,

"And many a holy text around she strews
To teach the rustic moralist to die."
But when we meet with such lines as
"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it,"

We are inclined to think the witty author of them had no other intention than that of making a couplet; as the sentiments of a wise man they will hardly be admitted. "All may be vanity," but not a jest; and we cannot consider that a proper regard has been paid to his memory by giving them as his last sentiments; there is too much of the absurd: the idle, and the vain, too often take occasion from such opinions to confirm themselves in error, not to say vice.

Inscriptions and Epitaphs under the inspection of, and regulated by the Minister or Curate of the parish, would at least prevent the indulgence of ridicule in the young and thoughtless, where they ought to be serious. I shall not repeat many of these fooleries, but to show they are yet of a recent date, in Doncaster Church Yard, 1816, may be seen the following:—

"Here lies 2 Brothers by misfortune seroned,
One dy'd of his wounds & the other was drowned."

And in a neighbouring burying ground at Arksey, of a less recent date, may be found several equally ludicrous, from among which I select what follows.

Farewell my friends all,
Sisters and dear mother,
You have lost your son,
And have got no other.

Elsewhere we find William Williams interred, with this Epitaph on his tomb-stone:
Here lie the remains of W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

On a person distinguished for a wide mouth, shocking profanity is superadded to folly:

Andrew Thomson lieth here,
Who had a month from ear to ear:
Reader, tread lightly on his sod;
For if he gape, you're gone, by —!

At Lynn the following jest is passed upon a married woman, who had never been blessed with children:

Under this stone lies Margery Gregg,
Who never had *Issue*, but one in her leg.
This woman withal was so very cunning,
While one leg stood still, the other was running.

IN BIDEFORD CHURCH YARD, DEVON.

The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sicken'd and he die did.

IN SEVEN OAKS, KENT.

Grim Death took me without any warning:
I was well at night and died in the morning.

IN WEST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX.

Vast strong was I, but yet I did die,
And in my grave asleep do lie;
My grave is stoned round about,
But I hope that God will find me out.

I shall conclude with one placed on the tomb of a man who had desired by will to have something said on his grave stone; he was rich, but alas! that was all; his executors were conscientious men, and at a loss how to designate a character, where there was no character at all, at length hit upon the following—

"Silence is wisdom."
Few but must be aware of the universal suitability of this short sentence.

Your obedient servant,

SEXTON.

THE FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVED GEMS.

It appears from the following notice, that the instructive and eminently interesting branch of the Fine Arts connected with engraving from ancient gems, is about to occupy the attention of our Continental neighbours. Re-calling to our memory the admirable work on this subject, produced by Mr. Dagley, now ten or twelve years ago, we must express our regret that it was never carried further than that single publication, the intelligence of whose page and the exquisite beauty of some of whose engravings tended alike to illuminate ancient, and adorn modern art.

We feel certain that a general production of this nature could, in the present state of the English school of engraving, be better executed with us than in any other part of the world. We are also rich in the original materials. Are we not rich enough in public spirit and a love for the arts?

"M. A. Millin, Member of the Institute, proposes to publish a collection of inedited engraved stones, from the most celebrated cabinets of Europe. M. Millin has caused to be engraved during the last 25 years, among the inedited engraved stones, which came to his knowledge, such as appeared to him interesting to history, art, or erudition: he has had them drawn by skilful artists, and carefully engraved. Many of these stones had been neglected, because they are

in the ancient style of art, and these are in general those which offer the most singular subjects. It is at the instance of many persons distinguished in the sciences and arts, as well as by their taste, that M. Millin has been induced to publish this precious and interesting collection."

LETTERS ON SWEDEN.

BY BARON BURGOING.

LETTER V.

To the Countess of C——

Stockholm: Arts and Amusements.

I will not repeat here what you may find at length in the two French travellers, in Acerbi, Radclif, de la Tournaye, &c. Sergell, who is celebrated abroad, as well as in Sweden, as an excellent sculptor, is of course not unknown to you. I have many times visited his work-room, and admired his masterpiece Psyche. Why has, unfortunately, a kind of a mental disorder so soon paralyzed his talents? He might have added for years to his claims to immortality.— Luckily this disease permitted him to finish the bronze Colossal statue of Gustavus the Third. As soon as an able workman, who has been expressly sent for from Paris, has finished and polished it, it is to be the ornament of one of the finest quarters of the city. This work, though it seems so easy, is likely to last four years. Sweden has produced distinguished men in several branches of the arts, besides the incomparable Sergell. Yet there, too, the foreign is preferred to the native artist. Desprez, a very skilful *decoration*, and a very agreeable landscape-painter, who has received orders to take sketches in Finland, is a Frenchman. A Mr. Belanger is the same; two ballet-masters, Gallodier and Terrade, are, the former a Frenchman, and the latter an Italian. All these are foreigners who are settled in Stockholm. In respect to milliners and cooks—also *artists* in their way! I say nothing against having them from abroad, and whoever gets them from France, certainly receives them from the fountain-head. As a good German, I must, however, pardon the Swedes their preference of foreigners. I am disarmed when I hear that three of the masters of the Royal Chapel in succession were Germans; Naumann, Vogler, and Haffner—and that the best of their Opera singers, Mrs. Müller, is likewise a German. On the whole, we must confess that the Swedes do not possess much taste or talent for the arts. Had Gustavus the Third lived longer, I think that he would have inspired them with both; not that he himself was a great judge, or an enlightened lover of them, but he was with reason convinced, "that the ornament of the arts, illustrates the throne, and procures it greater admiration from the many; and also that the civilization and the welfare of a nation, are promoted by the cultivation of the arts." He indulged himself therefore on this pursuit, in expenses which perhaps exceeded his resources. Yet he could not succeed in collecting a gallery of pictures worth speaking of. His chief director of the museum, Fre-

denheim, has indeed publicly advanced, that one in the Stockholm museum might be placed in the next rank after that of Paris: we must however confess, that except the Nine Muses, a Grecian Priestess, and an Endymion of remarkable beauty, which was found in the ruins of the *Villa Hadriani*, in 1783, and was purchased by the king, two beautiful candelabras and some bas-reliefs, the good Mr. Fredenheim has indulged in an exaggeration which only patriotism can excuse.

How little Sweden can be considered as a seat of the arts, appears from the fact, that besides the cabinet of Count Brabé, which contains some excellent paintings, (among which is an admirable David, by Guido, and the beautiful portrait of Mad. Montespan, by Mignard,) and the cabinet of a private collector, whose name has slipped my memory, there is not a single collection in Stockholm, worth mentioning.

Another proof is, that the most eminent Swedish painters, as Sparrman, Westmüller, Hall, &c. &c. acquired their reputation and fortune abroad. In this branch of art, the only other names worth mentioning are Breda, the pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, an excellent portrait painter; Masreliez, an historical painter, whose compositions have more grace than strength, and the two brothers Martin, of whom the one is an excellent engraver, and the other a pleasing landscape painter. Besides these, I could not mention any other, and even the latter might be contested with Sweden.

With respect to statuary, the series seems to be nearly closed with Sergell's name. He has, however, educated several pupils, who already promise some thing, especially one who is gone to Rome, and taken with him a name of good omen; he is called Göthe. In respect to architecture, neither Stockholm, nor its neighbourhood, has any thing to show which announces great progress in this art. The royal palaces in Stockholm and Drottningholm are masses of stone, less remarkable for their architecture than for the beauty of their situation. The one is a large square building, on an eminence, which overlooks the harbour, and nearly the whole town. The other extends with heavy architecture to the Meler Lake, and presents at a distance, if you come from Stockholm, a beautiful prospect. The Castle of Haga, a happy thought of Gustavus the Third, and properly no more than a very pretty sketch of a Royal Garden, lies in the middle of an English garden, laid out with great judgment, and the inside is adorned with much taste. We see at the first look that Gustavus must have built and lived in this palace

con amore. His successor, who has inherited hardly one of his father's tastes, has done nothing for its improvement or the enlargement. It is for him only a sort of retirement, where he often indulges in his melancholy ideas, and has only a small court with him. Stockholm itself does not possess one public or private building in a great style, or of any remarkable elegance. The hall of the assembly of the States (in front of which stands the statue of Gustavus Vasa) is low, overloaded with architectural ornaments, and remarkable for nothing but its destination. The Schloszplaz (Palace-square) is more striking, and more modern. If you come from one of the largest and fine streets, Drottning-gatan and Regerings-gatan, the palace lies just before you. Under the shade of the statue of Gustavus Adolphus, and by the bridge over a small arm of the sea which divides the palace from the square, you proceed directly to the former. To the right and left are buildings in a very regular style: there the Opera-house, here the Palace of the Princess Albertine, aunt to the King. The whole is, as I have already said, striking, but cannot be described in detail. The statue of the Swedish hero, though made by L'Archevêque, Sergell's master, is but indifferent, and does not exactly stand in one line between the bridge and the castle. On the whole, the place is too confined for so many objects. Stockholm is, notwithstanding this, one of the finest cities, and at least one the most worthy of being seen in Europe. It would be one of the largest, if it were equally extended every way, which is not the case. Some of the streets, scarcely indicated by two rows of wooden houses, extend far into the country; nay, on many sides you already fancy yourself in the open fields, before you come to the barriers. The populous and flourishing capital does not strike you till you reach the more inhabited parts.

Now a coup-d'œil; as it were a bird's-eye view. Rocks, rise upon rocks, and form a rampart, which seems to surround the horizon about the town: on all sides the sea comes in and divides it into islands, and unites with the waters of the Meler Lake. The harbour, in a semi-circular form, stretches out in its whole extent, and is so deep, that it even receives ships of war under the walls of the palace, and promotes in every way the advantage of maritime intercourse. In spite of rocks and frost, there is great commercial activity on the broad quays. Three of the finest quarters of the city are ornamented with the statues of the three Gustavus's, which awaken great recollections. The arsenal recalls the triumph of Gustavus the Third, in 1772; and the saloon of the Theatre reminds us of his unhappy death 1792. Alternately filled with admiration and reflections, we survey all this with great interest; and perhaps this faint description may enable you to conceive how one may pass with pleasure, twenty rivers and three arms of the sea to see Stockholm. Adieu.

¹ When he published the antiques of the Royal Museum at Stockholm.—Von Göchhausen.

² Reinhard and Sickler's almanack from Rome of 1810, mentions him as the sculptor of a Meleager, a Bacchus, a Hebe, and several busts. The Bacchus, in particular, as far as we have been able to learn, is said to be a masterpiece equally distinguished by genius in the conception and beauty in the execution.—Von Göchhausen.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

LITHOLOGY.

Traité des Caractères physiques des Pierres précieuses, pour servir à leur détermination lorsqu'elles ont été taillées: by the ABBA HAUY, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Professor of Mineralogy of the Jardin du Roi and the Faculty of Sciences, Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and the Royal Academies of Berlin, Lisbon, Munich, &c. &c.

This work, which is destined for men of science and men of the world, presents researches of a kind entirely new, and doubly interesting, whether considered with respect to themselves or the views of utility by which the celebrated author has been guided. His object is to enable artists who work in precious stones, and amateurs who form collections, to know and judge of these substances, after they have been cut, and to determine their value by experiments at once simple and decisive, and thus to avoid the mistakes to which those individuals are exposed who consult only their false and deceiving physiognomy.

Precious stones lose in the hands of art the distinctive forms impressed upon them by nature: the observer is thus deprived of the only characteristic which is invariably combined with their essence, and those who, in judging of these substances, confine themselves merely to ocular testimony, can perceive only accidental differences of appearance by which they are liable to be deceived. It remained for the philosopher who first gave correctness to the arrangement of minerals, by the observation of their natural forms, to bring artists to that degree of precision, the advantages of which are lost with regard to precious stones, when they are submitted to the operation of cutting.

M. Haüy has conceived the happy idea of substituting for the character presented by the form of minerals, various physical properties, which though insufficient in themselves, and when considered detachably, derive all their force from their union and combination. Their properties, which are in a great measure the fruit of the delicate researches of the author, are presented in the form of a table, which by comprising under one genus the different stones, concerning which doubts may arise from the very property of colour, enables the reader to perceive at first glance the different experiments by which they may be distinguished.

To facilitate the application of the method, it was, however, necessary to make the reader acquainted with the properties from whence characters are derived, and likewise with the mode of making experiments calculated to verify them. In order to render this part of the work generally intelligible, the author found it requisite to explain the truths of science by a particular form of language, adapted even to the comprehension of those who are strangers to this kind of study. M. Haüy has fulfilled this consideration by scrupulously avoiding all scientific phrases, and by an admirable choice of simple expressions, and numerous comparisons drawn from familiar objects, calculated to

inform without fatiguing the understanding. He begins by giving short explanations of certain geometrical terms, which enable him to abbreviate the table of that beautiful theory, to which the mineralogical system owes its advancement and perfection; and to demonstrate all its advantages by a brief description of the various species of precious stones. He then proceeds to develop the physical knowledge relative to the employment of characters, and to detail the processes by which the experiments are to be made.

This article is particularly remarkable on account of the interest which arises from the subject of which it treats, as well as its connexion with all that precedes it. It may be termed a little treatise on natural philosophy for general use, in which the principal phenomena of light, electricity and magnetism are explained with that clearness and elegance of style, which remind us of the important work of the author, who has rendered classical those sublime truths, which were before reserved only to a few privileged minds.

The book concludes with an Appendix, which explains within a narrow compass all the positive knowledge, which it is important to acquire concerning another class of substances, which come under our observation more frequently than precious stones, such as Agate, Lapis-lazuli, yellow Amber, &c., which appear under such a variety of forms, and are applied to so many useful purposes.

From what we have said of this work, it must be evident that it needs only to be read to be understood. Its value is besides increased by the correctness of the printing, the elegance of the types and finished style of the Engravings.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PRIDE'S MISTAKE:

A TALE.

The stately mistress of a school,
Who rul'd to live and liv'd to rule,
Took breath and gave her tongue a halt,
And slipp'd the hour of finding fault.
Smoothing the wrinkles of her brow,
As much as time could well allow,
And while she gave her thoughts to range,
Sought respite in some little change;
But still between her want and pride
It was not easy to decide.

She took some little state upon her,
And thought she did her neighbours honor;
To some a nod, to some her knee,
With some shr'd gossip, some take tea,
In short it was a mighty favor
Thought by these honest folks to have her.
Still undetermined, deep in thought,
The village in review was brought:
Dame Gosling! no—that would not do;
The Quaker—was rejected too.
At length this visitation strife
Was settled in the Curate's wife.

Nor was the Curate's wife to blame;
Because her neighbour had her name,
Or if the lady's liv'ly lout
Her message took another route;
But so it was, the miller's stream
Had some way took his waking dream,
And with his errand doft his hat,
To show he'd got his message pat.

"My mistress, Madam, sends by me,
And says she'll come and take her tea
"With you to-day, but what the hour
"I have forgot—or five, or four."
Thus said, he left the miller's dame,
All wonder how this honor came;
But come it was, and mighty glad
That such an honor now she had,
Her stiffen'd silks began to rustle,
Her household all partook the bustle,
Dobbin was saddled in a trice,
For port and sherry, cakes and spice,
Well furnish'd from a neighbouring town,
Was brought in safety, and set down.
This, to the master's great amazement,
He saw within his humble casement;
As home he came to take his drinking,
And little of this favour thinking;
But would not mar the tea-cup plan:
He bade his wife to fill his can.
Meanwhile the stately-looking lady,
For tea and gossip drest and ready,
Approach'd the humble curate's door,
Whose only fault was being poor.
His learning gentled his condition;
His piety might gain admission,
Where kings and courtiers stand without,
With less of hope than fear and doubt;—
But while these matters were debating,
The lady at the door is waiting,
Anticipating all the greeting
That was to grace the favour'd meeting.
And ill could brook the long delay
Which barr'd the entrance of her way.

The curate's wife had got her share
Of sense, and cleanliness and care;
And this (to use the housewife's phrase)
Was one of her most busy days;
Lest gentles should mistake my meaning,
It was a day of thorough cleaning;
When mop, and pail, and brush, and broom,
In turn must visit every room;
Nor could the wainscot, or the ceiling,
Escape a portion of their feeling.

Amidst this clatter, rout, and din,
The lady made her entrance in;
And if her eyes could double two,
They would have found enough to do:
Loos'n'g the hinges of her tongue,
Which was not very stiffly hung,
With stifled interjecting stammer
Inquir'd the meaning of this clamour,
And whence this rude reception came;
Scarce answer'd by the thrifty dame,
Who ply'd her brush, and thought it crime
To lose in needless talk her time;
And thinking time employ'd in use
Could hardly wade from her excuse,
Thank'd the good lady for her call,
Pursued her task—and that was all—
Till call'd to answer to her name,
She understood the lofty dame,
Of pride and etiquette observant,
Had sent a message by her servant;
To which she thought some credit due—
"For Ma'am I only visit you:
"And this reception, worse than rude,
"The next time it shall do you good."

The curate's wife could only wonder;
At length she hit upon the blunder:
Pondering in thought and silence till
Her name-sake cross'd her, of the mill.

If little things to little men,
Swell into mighty matters, when
They occupy in time or place
The narrow limits of their space,
We may allow the tender sex
To vapour, break their fans, and vex;

To pout, look sulky, even sour,
When broke their little dream of power.

'Twas thus the mighty school-dame's pride
For this time was severely try'd,
Who thought no mischief, shame, or evil,
Could match the dread of being civil
To those who held that state in life,
As equal with the miller's wife.

SONG.

O! sweet is the face of the dew-spangled morn!
When smiling she peeps the blue mountains
above,
But sweeter the blushes, by far, that adorn
The cheeks of the Maid who first taught me
to love.

Of the Sun—O! how brilliant the pure golden
blaze,
When high he has climb'd in the arch of the
sky!
But brighter by far are the love-shedding rays;
That dart from the orb of her sparkling black
eye.

Of the silver-clad eve—O, how soft is the
tread!—
Melodious the murmur that floats thro' the
grove;
But softer by far are the accents that lead
My fond heart to hope, that she's melting to
love.

When the stars are away—O, how dark is the
night,
When the pale moon is quench'd by some
heavy black cloud!
But should she bid hope from my bosom take
flight,
A much thicker gloom would my soul then
enshroud.
J. C. S.

THE BANKS OF THE STOUR.

The alder grows green on the banks of the Stour,
And the willow flings there its grey shade;
And frequent along its fresh margin a flower
Will discover its beautiful head.

There, gay as the flowret which hangs o'er the
stream,
In my childhood I rambl'd along;
There kindled my fancy with honour's wild
dream,
And I first felt the pleasure of song.

And now that affliction sits wan on my cheek,
Or the fever-flush fitfully glows,
On the banks of the Stour once more I must
seek
An asylum in which to repose.

Retir'd from the service of honour and wealth,
As in indolence hither I roam,
Ye breezes! prevail on the red bloom of health,
To revisit her desolate home.

Langham.

F. B.

THE DISCONTENTED MAN.

There is a debt we all must pay,
The sooner it is paid the better;
Come Tyrant Death! why this delay?
I wish not to remain thy debtor.

Some ask a year, a month, an hour;
Nay, some implore a moment's credit!
And though, like them, I know thy pow'r,
Come when it will, I do not dread it.

No houses, lands, or gold have I—
Let Fortune, jade! say why and wherefore!

Then what have I to do but die?
With nothing left on earth to care for.—

Life is a feast—a strange one too!
To fare but poorly I've been able;
Yet seen enough to pall my view—
So let me now retire from table.

If twenty years I've still on earth
I exist, for I'm a young beginner;
Give ten to that gay son of mirth,
And ten to you old trembling sinner!

I value not this boon of life,
It's boasted joys are all a bubble:
Youth is a scene of envious strife,
And age of hopeless toil and trouble.

Thragmorton-Street.

G. D.

CHARADE TO M——

When in rose, on the billow, the sun-set is
glowing,
When like breath of its flowers the eve wind is
blowing,
When the exquisite sadness that steals on the
heart

Seems to grieve for the day that's about to de-
part;

List to my First—it sighs a spell,
To tell thee—what I must not tell.

When the billow is pale, and the sun-set is gone,
And the small stars are waking one by one,
When the gale thro' the forest sweeps gusty and
loud,
And the moon's face of beauty is veiled in the
cloud;

Let the weary wanderer come
To my Second's humble home.

But at night, when the tapers around us are
gleaming,
And more than its stars in thy blue eyes are
beaming,
When a glance, when a blush on the snow of thy
cheek,

Has answered me all that I ventured to speak,
Shall my Taut lead thee, Love, to twine
Thy hand, thy gentle heart with mine?

E. R.

* * We solicit an answer to the Enigma
from our fair Correspondents.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD. — Tuesday week the following
gentlemen were admitted to Degrees:

Charles Lewis Meryon, M. A. of St. John's
College, was admitted Bachelor, and to
practise in Medicine.

Master of Arts.—Rev. Thomas Hodges, of
Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—George Thomas, of
St. Alban Hall, Esq. Grand Compounder.

Thomas Fownes Luttrell, of Exeter Coll.
Esq. Grand Compounder.

John Jones, of Trinity Coll. Esq. Grand
Compounder.

Mr. Charles Hodges, of Queen's Coll.

Mr. William Hale Hall, of Oriol Coll.

Mr. Rowland Thomas Bradstock, of Uni-
versity Coll.

Mr. Rice Hughes, of Jesus Coll.

Mr. Samuel Ellis Garrard, of St. Edmund
Hall.

Mr. Henry Compton, of St. Edmund Hall.

Mr. John William Hughes, of Trinity Coll.

George Cuncliffe, Esq. of Balliol Coll.

Mr. John Hughes, of Pembroke Coll.

Yesterday the following gentlemen were
admitted:

Doctor in Medicine.—Charles Lewis Mer-
yon, of St. John's Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—Mr. Charles Herbert
Martin, of Exeter Coll.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Merton Coll.

Mr. Thomas Le Quesne Jones, of Queen's
College.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE MONT CERVIN

TO THE REPUBLIC OF THE VOSGES:

*A jeu d'esprit, written in the Alps, for the benefit of
Swiss Travellers.*

I have heard, O Vosges, that you envy us,
your relations in the south. I will state to
you briefly our condition, political, social,
and moral; and will leave you to judge
whether you have good grounds for envy
or no.

Know, then, that our state is a kingdom.
Our King Blanco,¹ of gigantic stature, domi-
neers over all of us. He may be easily
recognized, for he wears more powder than
all his attendants. He keeps numerous mis-
tresses;—some say that *La Charnoz* is the
favourite; some, *la piquante Dru*; some, *la
Montanvert*; some again, *Mademoiselle Ar-
gentière*, so called from her always wearing
a white turban of a silvery lustre. I suspect
she is the reigning favourite, for it is certain
that to be *coiffée à l'Argentière* is a sure pas-
port of recommendation at his court. Like
most sovereigns, he has some dwarfs in at-
tendance; among them is a negro boy, who
goes by the name of *Tête-noire*. He has also
a porter constantly in waiting, emphatically
styled *le Géant*. His mistresses are famous
for their needle-work, which is handed about
to the courtiers, and admired. When they
speak of their work, it is usual for them to
say, "*Ah! c'est l'aiguille de la Dru! de la
Charnoz!*" meaning their work. Our mon-
arch is, however, by no means satisfied
with these mistresses; for he indulges in
low concubinage; the consequence is, that
he breaks out in *great swellings*² in his lower
parts, which are always increasing in size.
He suffers too from *goitres* about the neck.
He is noted for his *gourmandise*. Never was
he known to pass a day without his *goître*.
A particular butler always attends him at
these repasts, who goes by the name of
Bionassey, and for this reason:—one day, as
his majesty was entering his superb rotunda,
called *Le Dôme du Goître*, he saw this but-
ler busily employed in arranging a profusion
of ices on the side-board. The king, eyeing
him archly, said, "*Mais nous en avons bien
assez, f'espère; c'est une mer! bien assez!*"
repeating his words with emphasis. "*Oui,
Sire, bien assez,*" replied the butler, who from
that hour has been always called *Bien assez*,
gradually corrupted into *Bionassey*.⁴ Beyond
the rotunda is a superb saloon, where his

majesty holds his *greater court*.¹ It is here
that he presents himself in all his magnifi-
cence; and no foreigner is introduced to
him without being struck by his imposing
appearance. There is a spacious corridor,
leading to this saloon, called the *Veni*; and
for this reason: you must know, O Vosges,
that some years since, there was a violent
contention in our state, respecting the right
to the throne. Blanco's right, however, was,
after long doubt, clearly ascertained; neither
do I think it likely it will ever again be
called in question. As soon as our political
broils had ceased, and the result in favor
of Blanco was confirmed, our monarch thun-
dered through the corridor these emphatic
words: "*Veni, vidi, vici!*" and from that
hour, this passage, leading to the *greater
court*, has been always called the *Veni*.² The
first of the three memorable words which
the king used to express his triumph. West-
ward of the palace, is his majesty's bake-
house, well furnished with *ovens*.³ The chief
baker is one of our most respectable indi-
viduals; he is always seen lifting his head to
heaven, expressive of fervent devotion; and
he is only known by that best of all titles,
the *Good Man*.⁴ One day, as he was super-
intending his business at the bake-house, a
violent wind, no uncommon thing in our
territory, arose; his white hat, which he
had put carelessly on, was blown off, and
hurried to a considerable distance; the spot
where it fell, has ever since been called
Chapis,⁵ corrupted, I imagine, from *chapeau*.
Beyond the bake-house, is an elevated walk,
where the ladies of our court take the air;
it commands a noble view, and goes by the
name of the *Ladies' Terrace*.⁶ I must not
omit to inform you, that his majesty has
a smaller saloon, where he exhibits himself
with less pomp. It is called *Chamouny*, and
for this reason: you must know that several
porters are here in constant attendance,
to show strangers the curiosities of the pa-
lace, and, like others, are always feed'. It
happened that a poor fellow, who was shown
the palace, only had one piece of coin in
his pocket, which proved to be base metal.
The porter demanded another with a me-
nacing tone. The poor fellow took to his
heels and escaped, all the porters following
him with their sticks, and vociferating loud-
ly, "*Sham money! sham money!*" and from
this incident, the saloon has always been
called *Sham money*, gradually altered into
Chamouny. So true it is, O Vosges, that
trifling causes give rise to great names; for
note well that the origin of *Chamouny* is
only a *forgery*. Our king has also a *garden*,⁷
which he keeps much to himself. It is very
difficult of access, and he often puts his
courtiers out of breath, who go to pay their

¹ Courmayeur, on the Italian side of Mont
Blanc.

² The Val Veni, leading to Courmayeur.

³ Le Col des Fours.

⁴ Le Bonhomme, overlooking the Col des
Fours.

⁵ Le chalet de Chapis, at the foot of the Bon-
homme.

⁶ Le Plan des Dames.

⁷ Le Jardin, an almost inaccessible spot, so
called, surrounded by glaciers.

respects to him there. Round it are many ice-houses. "*Faire le voyage du jardin*" has almost passed into a proverb, at our court, and is applied to persons who undertake any thing difficult. The king is very childish and wanton in his sports, often throwing great stones and snow-balls for his amusement. When reproached with his wantonness in injuring the trees, he answers, frowning, "*Is there, then, any crime in playing at nine-pins?*" Forgive me, O Vosges, for dwelling on these trifles; but no doubt you are aware that the least things about a court become matters of importance. Near our monarch, reside the two Bernards,¹ strict methodists, and we call them the *Saints*. The younger brother is a good little fellow enough, and we nick-name him *Le Petit Saint*. The elder is very kind to sick or distressed travellers. They are often seen with their powdered heads at a great *bow-window*,² admiring the prospect which their house commands.

An old maiden lady lives near them, who passes most of her time in weeping over the miseries of this sinful world. Her name is *La Dolente*;³ she is intimately connected with the Bernards, but no one ever entertained the slightest suspicion of any thing wrong. The tears she sheds are incessant. She always carries a fan⁴ in her hand; and she is much looked up to.

Not far from the Bernards, resides my friend Combin. He is a fine personable fellow enough; but wastes his manhood in ogling with his mistress, Mademoiselle Chermontane.⁵ It is always his *chère Chermontane*, and nothing else. He is often seen combing his head for his Chermontane. The quantity of powder which falls from this operation, is prodigious. He has a barber, a hard-breathing fellow, whom he nick-names Boreas, and who never fails to apply fresh powder with his puff. They both live very retired: report says that his concubine is very pale and beautiful, but with a heart as cold as ice. Near him resides one of our worst characters; unfortunately for the reputation of our neighbourhood, his notoriety is great: we call him *Le Vilain*, or in our dialect, *Le Velon*.⁶

Beyond my friend Combin, lives another profligate; he too keeps a mistress, whom he plagues much; she goes by the name of *La Tourmentée*.⁷ Report, however, says, that she is attached to him. After him, comes your humble servant, and his wife Rosa.⁸ She is a full-blown rose indeed. I do not mean to praise myself, or my wife; but the truth is, we do all we can to counteract the depravity of the neighbourhood by our example. We live, in short, as man and wife should do, always

together. Next door to us, lives Madame Fée.⁹ As she keeps much to herself, the neighbours accuse her of witchcraft. Perhaps, after all, it is only a *Conte de Fée*. Close to her is a *morose*¹⁰ old gentleman, who lives very retired, and is hardly ever visited.—Beyond him, resides a stripling, who is so simple as to suffer the children to play at leap-frog over his back; we call him Simphon, which is short for *simpleton*. He is universally cut. I should like to see the brats make me stoop my back. One snow-ball filiped at them by my little finger, should soon bring them to their senses.¹¹

I am glad at last to be able to name that real ornament of our society, my venerable friend Gothard. He and the two Bernards are the only *saints* we have among us. He is an excellent creature; and never fails to show the greatest hospitality to strangers, who frequently go both to see him, and the noble view which his house commands.

At the opposite side of our street, is a school of mischievous brats, who are often seen to pelt people with stones and snow-balls. We call them the *little devils*.¹² We want a new system of education for these refractory imps.

Gothard, the Bernards, and myself, are much hurt when we reflect on the state of our morals. The truth is, very many of us are cuckolds. There is that wench Jungfrau, who resides nearly opposite to me; she married a fine young fellow, eager to win her hand. What was the consequence? She cuckolded him immediately.¹³ About the time of her marriage, too, it is notorious that she was brought to bed of twins,¹⁴ the fruit of an illicit amour with a tall *bloomless*¹⁵ fellow. It is, besides, pretty well known that she has a *lech*¹⁶ for a slippery youth, young Rodan, who, however, is French in heart, and swears he will have nothing to do with our sturdy lasses. In spite of her infamous conduct, she has the impudence to call herself *virgin*.

Close to her, lives Finsteraar, very *lax*¹⁷ in his propensities, and not less *viciously*¹⁸ inclined. At a party given one evening by that shameless wench Jungfrau, at which were present Messrs. Nest, Furca, Eiger, Wetter, Shreck, and Finsteraar, she tauntingly asked: "*I should like to know which of you gentlemen present do not wear horns.*" I

have a way of proving whether you be cuckolds or no." Refreshments were served; iced water in abundance. She then produced several pair of horns. "*These horns*," she said, "*have a magical power in them; if he to whose temples they are applied, be a real cuckold, there they will remain fixed; if he be not, on application, they will instantly fall off.*" So saying, she attached horns successively on Messrs. Nest, Eiger, Wetter, Shreck, and Finsteraar;—they remained immovably fixed. There happened, however, to be one young married fellow present, on whose temples the horns would not stand. Once, twice, and thrice, did Jungfrau apply them, and as often did they fall off. The wench, as barefaced a wanton as ever existed, instead of paying him a decent compliment, began to scoff at him: "*Oh, oh! then I see we have a Fall-horn among us; let us all learn to keep our beds as undefiled as the pure Mr. Faulhorn.*" All the party joined in a roar of laughter against him, and thought it an excellent joke: for my part, I thought it wretched, and could only turn away from the wench in disgust. However, from that hour, this stripling has been always known under the name of *Fallhorn*.¹⁹ I took care that she should not make the experiment on me.

I am known in our state by two names. My friends style me Cervin; my enemies, who want to make me a cuckold, call me *Matterhorn*. This is a sarcasm, rather pointed, you will say. But they cannot deny that I possess *acuter parts*²⁰ than all the rest of our fraternity. No matter, however, horn or no, since horns are so much the vogue. The ill, if any, rests with my wife Rosa—my conscience is clear.

In spite of all these iniquities, we are not strangers to more rational and innocent amusements. We have an Italian resident among us, who has opened a noble panorama of our territory; his name is Righi;²¹ he exhibits it sometimes in a *camera lucida*, sometimes in a *camera obscura*.

Our laws are in a very bad state. Our judge, a stern inexorable fellow, keeps aloof from us all, and had as lieve condemn the innocent as the guilty. The *little devils* call him *Pontius Pilate*.²² There is that Rossberg, one of our *puisé* judges; he presides at a horrid tribunal. At one session, he condemned upwards of 450 persons; and no sooner had he pronounced the verdict, than they were executed.²³ Their houses, too, were razed to the ground. Himself the

¹ The *Faulhorn*, on the Lake of Brienz.

² The Mont Cervin is the most pointed of the Alps. This colossus, but little known, rises 13,854 feet above the sea. It is a complete pyramid, springing from a Col de Neige, the sides regularly defined, and very similar in shape to the Pyramids of Sacaræ, in Egypt. In the opinion of the author, no other alp can be put in competition with the majestic singularity of the Cervin. So *tutto in se stesso* does he rise!

³ The Mont Righi, which commands the finest panoramic view of the Alps.

⁴ Le Mont Pilate.

⁵ L'écrasement du Rossberg, which happened in 1806, and destroyed four villages, and 450 peasants.

¹ Le Grand et le Petit Saint Bernard.

² Le Col des Fentirs, near the Grand Saint Bernard.

³ Le Mont Dolente, near the Col de Ferret.

⁴ Le Glacier de L'Ecrasail, shaped like a fan, and attached to the Mont Dolente.

⁵ The Chermontane glacier, which falls from the Mont Combin.

⁶ Le Mont Velon.

⁷ Le Glacier Tourmenté, attached to the Col d'Oren.

⁸ Le Mont Rosa.

⁹ Le Mont Fée.

¹⁰ Le Montemoro.

¹¹ Cervin, however, brags a little too hastily; for the Col du Cervin is occasionally passed by merchants who transport wine from Chatillon, on the Dora; as the author, in his passage up the romantic valley of St. Nicholas, witnessed. The passage of the Col is the highest in Europe; it rises not less than 10,284 feet above the sea.

¹² Les Diablerets, lesser mountains, N.E. of the Valais. Some of these imps, however, rise not less than 8000 feet above the sea.

¹³ The Eigerhorn.

¹⁴ The Gemini, vulgo Gemini.

¹⁵ The Blumli Alp.

¹⁶ The Alsch glacier, which falls from the Jungfrau to the Rhone.

¹⁷ Lax, a village, in the Valais, opposite the Finsteraar.

¹⁸ The Fisch glacier, inclining from the Finsteraar.

judge, the jury, and executioner! What think you of this, O Vosges? I was enjoying, one morning, a *l'été-été* with my friend, the elder Bernard. All of a sudden, we heard a shout of laughter from the little devils. On inquiring the cause of their mirth, we found that it was occasioned by the report of Judge Rossberg's cruel verdict. The report of a similar condemnation, from another stern judge, formerly made Tears fall. But mark the difference of the morals of the rising generation. Poor Bernard and myself were so shocked, we could only lift our heads to heaven in silence.

You may easily imagine, O Vosges, that these depraved habits of our society afflict me much. I endeavour, however, to console myself by having recourse to innocent recreations. I look after my Piedmontese and Swiss farms, which I water plentifully. When the weather is sultry, I throw on my loose grey night-gown, retire to my concert-room, and play a *solo* on my organ. I wish you could hear it. The fugues are strikingly fine; the diapacons sonorous and grand. My wife Rosa, and neighbour Combin, sometimes join me in a glee.

I have heard that you people in the north have lately invented gas lights for your places of public resort. Our concert-rooms are illuminated with *electrical*, which, though not so lasting as gas, are far more brilliant.

My health is by no means good; but this is generally complained of by all our fraternity. We suffer from a constant diuretic, and fill regularly a dozen immense basins,² besides many smaller. We have several attendants³ in waiting, whose business it is to empty them regularly out;—we keep them, nevertheless, always full. For God's sake, send us a styptic, for this distemper weakens all of us much; and we always hail the approach of winter, which never fails to brace our bladders.

I have now stated, O Vosges, a full account of our condition. You see you have nothing to envy. The cause of half our evils is the bad example set by our King Blanco. You are a wise people, for you form a republic; and I doubt not that you are a happier race than we. (Signed) CERVIN.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

From *L'Ermite en Province*.

I made the journey from Agen to Montauban (says M. Jouy, whose recent essays under the above title have become rather too diffuse for our publication, too political in their tendency, and not devoted with the same happiness as heretofore to the picture of manners) in company with a handsome young lady, whom I will call Madame D'Ettivale, in order to come near to her name, without naming her: she is a French woman in the whole force, in the whole extent, in the whole grace of the term: the words *charme* and *entrainement* would have been invented for her. I do not think that

there exists a heart which beats higher at the ideas of glory, of misfortune, of country; and I venture to affirm, that if there are in France a hundred thousand men like that woman, we may be without uneasiness respecting the future. I do not know what this lady thinks of love, nor how she speaks of it, (it is a question upon which people do not understand each other at the two extremities of life); but I do not hesitate to adduce her as a living refutation of the reproach which Montaigne, La Rochefoucault, and Beaumarchais, have cast upon women, that they do not know real friendship between themselves. Madame D'Ettivale has a female friend of her own age, several of whose letters she has shown me. If they should be one day published, I would not answer for their dispossessing Madame de Sevigné of the epistolary sceptre, which she holds by prescriptive admiration; but I am certain that people will find in them sentiments which are just and natural, even in their exaltation; and the expression of an ardent soul, which discharges itself into the bosom of a friend without thinking of the opinions of the great world, for which such letters are not written. The history of these two ladies, which is connected with the principal events of the revolution, would furnish an excellent chapter of manners; but independently of the secrecy which we owe to confidential communications, this narrative would throw me back into the whirlpool of the capital, which I have quitted for a time. I will confine myself to relating the travelling adventure which gave birth to a friendship of which few instances would be found among the men of any age or country.

Madame Eleonore de Monbrey (this is the name of Madame D'Ettivale's friend) had a mere general acquaintance with her when they made a journey together, some years ago, to Bagnères, where they were going to take the waters. Madame D'Ettivale had with her, her daughter, eight years old, whose beauty begins to be talked of in the world. A singular conformity of taste, of opinions, (which at that time were only sentiments) and which the intimacy of a few days developed, had already laid the foundation for an union between these two young ladies, which was soon to be cemented by a horrible event.

A few leagues on the way from Bagnères to Luchon, on seeing a steep road, which made it necessary to put a drag on the wheels of their carriage, Madame de Monbrey proposed to her companion to descend the mountain on foot. The latter fearing the fatigue more than the danger of the road, entrusted her daughter to the care of a maid servant, and remained alone in the carriage. The road passed, for about a hundred toises, between two precipices, the depth of which was concealed by the hedges and brushwood which covered the edge. The little girl holding the servant by the hand, was walking in a path worn on the side of the road. Madame de Monbrey, who had taken the other side of the road, was a few steps before them: suddenly a piercing shriek is heard—she turns, and sees the servant stretched upon the ground, writhing in con-

vulsions of despair. She runs up—the child is still rolling down a precipice above a hundred feet deep: without hesitating an instant—without reflecting on the dreadful danger which she braves—a young, weak, and delicate woman descends, or rather rushes down, this abyss; directing herself in her descent by the cries of the unfortunate little girl, who is hanging to the branches of an old willow, suspended over the pointed rocks which line the bottom of the abyss. The heroic Eleonore, to whom nature, at this moment, gives a degree of strength which she will perhaps never feel again, disengages the child, seizes with her teeth her collar of her frock, makes her ascend before her, and holding by the briars and thorns, which tear in vain her face and hands, she succeeds, after an hour's supernatural efforts, in restoring the child to her mother, whom the postillion, who held her in his arms, had alone prevented from throwing herself down the precipice. I shall say nothing of the painful and transporting scene which followed the unhopd-for re-union. I was not witness to it; and there are, besides, situations in life, which it is sufficient to indicate in order to describe them.

MADAME DESHOULIERES,

THE FRENCH POETESS.

This lady was much admired as a poetess by her countrymen, yet except her pastorals, the subjects chosen by her are little interesting; and rather evince strength of mind than harmony of verse, or delicacy of feeling. Indeed they are what might have been expected from a character endued with the self-possession displayed in the following adventure, in which she conducted herself with an intrepidity and coolness which would have done honour to a hero.

Madame Deshoulières was invited by the Count and Countess de Larneville to pass some time at their chateau, several leagues from Paris. On her arrival she was freely offered the choice of all the bed-chambers in the mansion, except one, which, from the strange noises that had been for some time nocturnally heard within it, was generally believed to be haunted, and as such had been deserted. Madame Deshoulières was no sooner informed of this circumstance by her friends, than to their great surprise and terror she immediately declared her resolution of occupying this dreaded room in preference to any other. The Count looked agast as she disclosed this determination, and in a tremulous voice entreated her to give up so rash an intention, since however brave curiosity might at present make her, it was more than probable that in her present situation she would pay for its gratification with her life. The Countess observing that all that her husband said failed of intimidating the high spirited Madame Deshoulières, now added her persuasions to divert her friend from an enterprise from which the bravest man might shrink appalled. "What have we not to fear then," she added, "for a woman on the eve of becoming a mother? Let me conjure you if not for your own sake, for that of your unborn infant, give up your daring plan." All these arguments repeated

¹ The town of Pleurs, in the Grisons, which, in 1618, was destroyed by the fall of half a mountain.—1800 people were buried alive.

² Lakes Maggiore, Como, Garda, Lagano, Geneva, Lucerne, Thun, &c. &c.

³ Rhine, Rhone, Adda, Tessino, Limmat, and Reuss.

over and over again were insufficient to shake the determined purpose of the adventurer. Her courage rose superior to these representations of the dangers to which she was going to expose herself, because she was convinced that they owed their colouring to superstition acting upon weak minds—she entertained no faith in the “fleshy arm” of a departed spirit, and from an immaterial one her life was safe. Her noble host and hostess pleaded, pitied, blamed, but at length yielded to her wish of taking possession of the haunted chamber. Madame Deshoulières found it grand and spacious—the windows dark from the thickness of the walls—the chimney antique and of cavernous depth. As soon as Madame was undressed, she stepped into bed, ordered a large candle to be placed in a bracket which stood on a stand near it, and enjoining her femme de chambre to shut the door securely, dismissed her. Having provided herself with a book according to custom, she calmly read her usual time, then sunk to repose—from this she was soon roused by a noise at her door—it opened and the sound of footsteps succeeded. Madame Deshoulières immediately decided that this must be the supposed ghost, and therefore addressed it with an assurance that, if it hoped to frighten her from her purpose of detecting the impostor which had created such foolish alarm throughout the castle, it would find itself disappointed in the attempt, for she was resolutely bent on penetrating and exposing it at all hazards. This threat she reiterated to no purpose, for no answer was returned. At length the intruder came in contact with a large screen, which it overturned so near the bed, that getting entangled in the curtains, which played loosely on their rings, they returned a sound so sharp, that any one under the influence of fear would have taken for the shrill scream of an unquiet spirit, but Madame was perfectly undismayed, as she afterwards declared. On the contrary, she continued to interrogate the nocturnal visitor whom she suspected to be one of the domestics, but, it still maintained an unbroken silence, though nothing could be less quiet in its movements, for it now ran against the stand on which stood the heavy candle and candlestick, which fell with a thundering noise. In fine, tired of all these exertions, it came and rested itself against the foot of the bed. Madame Deshoulières was now more decidedly called upon to evince all that firmness of mind and intrepidity of spirit of which she had boasted—and well did she justify the confidence she had placed in her own courage, for still retaining her self-possession she exclaimed, “Ah, now I shall ascertain what thou art,” at the same time she extended both her hands towards the place against which she felt that the intruder was resting. They came in contact with two soft velvety ears, which she firmly grasped, determined to retain them till day should lend its light to discover to whom or to what they belonged. Madame found her patience put to some trial, but not her strength, for nothing could be more unrelenting and quiet than the owner of the im-

prisoned ears. Day at length released her from the awkward, painful position in which she had remained for so many hours, and discovered her prisoner to be Gros-Blanc, a large dog belonging to the chateau, and as worthy, if faith and honesty deserve the title, as any of its inhabitants. Far from resenting the bondage in which Madame Deshoulières had so long kept him, he licked the hands which he believed had been kindly keeping his ears warm all night; while Madame Deshoulières enjoyed a hearty laugh at this ludicrous end to an adventure, for the encounter of which she had braced her every nerve.

In the meantime the Count and Countess, wholly given up to their fears, had found it impossible to close their eyes during the night. The trial to which their friend had exposed herself, grew more terrible to their imagination the more they dwelt upon it, till they at length persuaded themselves that death would be the inevitable consequence. With these forebodings they proceeded as soon as it was light to the apartment of Madame Deshoulières—scarcely had they courage to enter it, or to speak when they had done so. From this state of petrification they were revived by their friend undrawing her curtains, and paying them the compliments of the morning with a triumphant look. She then related all that had passed with an impressive solemnity, and having roused intense curiosity to know the catastrophe, she smilingly pointed to Gros-Blanc, as she said to the Count, “There is the nocturnal visitor whom you have so long taken for the ghost of your mother;” for such he had concluded it from having been the last person who had died in the chateau. The Count regarded his wife—then the dog—and blushed deeply, not knowing whether it were better to laugh or be angry. But Madame, who possessed a commanding manner, which at the same time awed and convinced, ended this state of irresolution by saying, “No, no, Monsieur, you shall no longer continue in an illusion which long indulgence has endeared to you. I will complete my task and emancipate your mind from the shackles of superstition, by proving to you that all which has so long disturbed the peace of your family has arisen from natural causes. Madame arose, made her friends examine the lock of the door, the wood of which was so decayed as to render the locking it useless, against a very moderate degree of strength. This facility of entrance had been evidently the cause of Gros-Blanc, who liked not sleeping out of doors, making choice of this room. The rest is easily accounted for, Gros-Blanc smelt, and wished to possess himself of the candle, in attempting which he committed all the blunders and caused all the noises which has annoyed me this night, and he would have taken possession of my bed also if he had not given me an opportunity of seizing his ears. Thus are the most simple events magnified into omens of fearful and supernatural augury.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

H. Johnston has appeared in the Duke in the Honey Moon. The interest of the character lost nothing in his hands. He entered fully into the eccentric and singular spirit of the noble experimentalist on a wife's patience, and succeeded to the satisfaction of the audience. But this Theatre relies rather too much and too palpably upon its old resources. Excepting the Falls of the Clyde, a very touching and well told story, its invention has deplorably languished since the commencement of the season.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Monday, Venice Preserved was performed, and much to the credit of the Theatre. Miss O'Neill's Belvidera is among the most striking exertions of this able actress. The faults of the play, and they are many and obtrusive in plot, language, and morality, keep clear of the parts in which Belvidera is to throw out her lustre, and no portraiture in the romance of the drama can be purer than the daughter of Priuli, or more delightfully copied than in the performance of Miss O'Neill. Kemble's Jaffier is a charming representation of the young, fond, and wavering conspirator; Young's Pierre of the bold, firm, strongly-purposed conspirator. The whole play excited great attention, and it closed in general applause.

On Tuesday Braham appeared in the humble part of Harry Bertram in Guy Mannering. It was however slightly elevated by some introduced airs. Braham sang, as he always does, with great exhibition of voice, in some instances rather lavish, and inconsistent with good taste, but in many highly effective. It seems singular that this man's sojourn in Italy, added to his education under Rauzzini, had so little power to infuse into him a perception of the true style of expression. For one tone of that simple yet refined style, familiar to even the street singers of Rome and Naples, he overloads us with a thousand, which he needs never have left London to learn.

Mr. Denning on the same evening tried his chance in Buskin, Matthews's amusing part in Killing no Murder. We have already given an estimate of his powers, and it remains unchanged. He is a diligent, hurrying, headlong imitator. Where Matthews burlesques, he bustles: the tones of Matthews's voice of humour are in this man distorted into *slang*. He is a parody upon Matthews. But he has had some success, and may improve.

We are under the necessity of postponing till our next Number the notice of Mr. Fisher's appearance at Drury Lane, in the character of Macbeth; and also of the New Farcie of Husbands and Wives, brought forward at Covent Garden.

FRENCH DRAMA.

THEATRE DES VARIETES.

First Representation of *L'Ingénue de Brice-la-Gaillarde*.

Madame Dumont, the landlady of an inn, and the widow of a fourth husband, is extremely anxious that her niece Annette should be settled in the world, and for this end is constantly giving her lessons in coquetry.

Annette's three cousins, Folleville, André, and Alain, who have each succeeded to a small fortune, present themselves as her suitors.

André arrives first, and on the entrance of Folleville the *Ingénue* conceals him in a closet. Alain next appears, and Folleville is shown into a second closet. In a few moments Madame Dumont's voice is heard, and Alain in his turn is thrust into the care of the Cuckoo-clock.

Finally, Annette decides in favour of Alain. Her aunt reproaches her for not having made good use of her instructions, and Annette replies by calling her three cousins from their hiding-places. Such is the *Ingénue de Brive-la-Gaillarde*.

This little piece, though not destitute of wit, was, however, somewhat too tedious, and upon the whole rather monotonous. Vernet performed with exquisite originality the part of the Parisian, which was merely a copy of *Philibert le mauvais sujet*. But all his efforts were insufficient to ensure the success of the piece. The names of the authors were not announced.

CIRQUE OLYMPIQUE.

First Representation of *Deux Heures de Caserne*.

The chasseurs of the regiment of Berri resolve to celebrate by a military banquet the fête of St. Charles, which is doubly dear to them, as it is the birth-day of the Prince their Colonel. The soldiers have each paid their share towards defraying the expence of the entertainment; the Brigadier Sans-quartier is appointed keeper of the common purse, and the happy day at length arrives. Werner, an old invalid, is the father of Louise, a young and beautiful girl who is beloved by the quarter-master of the regiment. The poor invalid is pursued by a merciless creditor, and is on the point of being arrested for a debt of 200 francs. The brigadier, who knows the generosity of his comrades, resolves to relieve the old soldier: he presents him with the purse, and after discharging the debt only one louis remains.

This good action is approved of by the chasseurs. Louise marries the quarter-master; and as it is necessary that on such a day all should be made happy, her Traiteur, who is himself an old soldier, engages to furnish the banquet on credit.

The audience participated in the sentiments of this little piece. It was loudly applauded. The authors are MM. Jules Vernet and Ferdinand.

THEATRE DE L'ODÉON.

Revival of *Le Fils par Hasard*, a comedy, in five acts, by M. Chazet; and *Charles et Caroline*, a drama, by M. Pigault-Lebrun.

That M. Chazet should produce a lively and witty comedy, abounding in pleasing situations, and animated by a spirited dialogue, is by no means astonishing; grace and elegant gaiety are the distinguishing characteristics of that ingenious writer, and we regret that we can no longer reproach him with being too prolific. But that a dull, sentimental, tedious melo-drama, should issue from the brain of M. Pigault-Lebrun, the author of the *Enfant du Carnaval*, *Mon Oncle Thomas*, and other entertaining tales, is indeed a subject to excite surprise. M. Pigault,

it is true, wrote the drama of Charles and Caroline before any of his novels appeared, and at an age when it may be said he was searching for the office which he afterwards filled so successfully—namely, to laugh and to make others laugh. It is, we confess, scarcely fair to reproach him with an old sin, which we are certain he must feel the strongest wish to forget, if he witnessed the tears of sensibility which were shed on the first night of the revival of Charles and Caroline. To represent the success which M. Pigault has obtained in two styles so opposite, we would advise him to have his portrait painted with a smile on his lips and a tear in his eye, holding in one hand the mask of comedy, and in the other the handkerchief of the melo-drama.

THEATRE FRANÇOIS.

LA MANIE DES GRANDEURS, a Comedy in five acts, and in verse; by M. Alexandre Duval.

For the last six years, no piece equal in importance to the *Manie des Grandeurs*, has proved successful at the Theatre François. When the subject in question is merely a little farce, a light vaudeville, or a noisy melo-drama, a critic may confine himself to stating whether the audience laughed or yawned, but a comedy in five acts, and in verse, requires to be treated a little more ceremoniously.

Can ambition which seeks by so many various means to acquire distinctions, titles and places, constitute a truly comic character? This question would be badly solved by a reference to the *Bourgeois-Gentilhomme*.

M. Duval seems to have been fearful of producing a political Tartuffe, and the very title of his comedy announces the intention of depicting an error rather than a vice. The mania with which his principal character is possessed, does not deserve the name of ambition; it is the mere whim of a country gentleman who arrives in Paris, to play the part of the Soliciteur, or the *ci-devant* *Jenne Homme*, but who has not an atom of intrigue in his composition. Poor Montgeraud's means of acquiring distinction consist in running from one great house to another, notwithstanding the gout to which he is a martyr. He would willingly write sonnets to the ladies, but his muse, chilled by age, refuses her services. With these qualifications he hopes to obtain a place under government. Is not this a more extravagant and far less amusing simoleon than M. Jourdain?

To compensate for the weakness of this principal character, the author has given him, by way of Mentor, a Countess, whom he styles an Intriguante, though she merits a far less distinguished title. This Countess teaches Montgeraud, whom she wishes to marry, to neglect his respectable mother, and to disdain his old friend Merval, to whom he had promised the hand of his sister Amelie, though he now wishes that she should become the wife of a brilliant Colonel. This incident is evidently borrowed from the *Bourgeois-Gentilhomme*.

We now come to a third character, namely, Merval, a rural philosopher, and the celebrated author of various pamphlets on

finance; two things which are rarely combined together, for our financial writers take care to keep near the Treasury door and the Exchange. He arrives in Paris to claim the hand of Amelie, though the pretended object of his journey is to suppress a whole edition of a new work, which he fears is calculated to give offence to persons high in authority. He deposits in the hands of Montgeraud the only copy he preserves. Through the negligence or complaisance of the weak Montgeraud, the Countess gains possession of the precious copy; and she immediately determines, by its publication, to make Merval forfeit the favour of the ministry, and the place of state-counsellor which was intended for him.

One of the ministers, to whom by some means or other the Countess obtains access, seems to lend an ear to the odious accusation; but his intention is to avenge persecuted merit, and to overwhelm with disgrace the infamous intriguer. By an equivocal promise, he makes the Countess believe that Montgeraud has obtained the place. The ambitious fool already fancies himself a minister, an ambassador, a duke, and a peer; but he is suddenly roused from these flattering dreams by a fit of the gout and remorse of conscience. Merval cannot believe that his friend has betrayed him; but the fatal copy of the pamphlet, delivered up by Montgeraud, unmasks his weakness and the base conduct of the Countess. The pamphlet is returned with a note in the hand-writing of the minister, in which he demands a circumstantial account of the work and its author. It is of course concluded that Merval has incurred the displeasure of Government, and the charitable Countess offers him an asylum in a retired country chateau. At this moment a messenger arrives with a letter from his Excellency, announcing that Merval is appointed Counsellor of State: his success has been decided by the pamphlet, which was found to contain only sentiments of the purest patriotism. In the same letter, the Minister advises Montgeraud not to trust too confidently to obtaining the place which the Countess has promised him.

This *dénouement* is at once natural and ingeniously contrived; it presents a good lesson, both to the governing and the governed. To compensate for the want of powerful and correct conception, and forcible delineation of character in the most prominent parts, the author has had recourse to details; he endeavours to interest us by affecting situations, and to charm us by a nervous style, and verification far more correct than is to be found in any of his early works. These details redeem the faults above alluded to, if such faults can be redeemed.

ACADÉMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE.

Revival of *The Danaïdes*, an Opera in four acts.

The Opera of *The Danaïdes* was first produced in Paris when the celebrated musical disputes were in their highest degree of effervescence. Gluck and Piccini divided musical France, and ranged under their banners all the composers and virtuosi of their age. Every musician who was anxious to distin-

guish himself, took part either with the German Orpheus or the Italian Amphion, and appeared in public under the auspices of one or the other of those great men.

Salieri arrived from Vienna with the Opera of *The Danaides*; he was received by Gluck with all that cordiality which is to be found among artists as well as men of literary genius. The secret of this composition was well kept. The composer of *Iphigenia* undertook to bring out Salieri's work under his own name, and to support it by the power of his partizans, and the glory of his reputation. The Queen, Marie-Antoinette, who protected the arts with so much grace and cultivated them so successfully, signified her wish to hear the music of *The Danaides*, and several pieces from the score were accordingly performed in her apartments. It is no inconsiderable praise to say, that that Princess, whose musical knowledge excited the astonishment of professors, conceived the Opera to be worthy the genius of Gluck.

The subject of *The Danaides* is too well known to render any analysis requisite. The crime and punishment of the fifty daughters of the King of Argus have already furnished Noverre with the subject of a Ballet, and the heroic devotedness of *Hypermnestra* constituted the first triumph of Lemierre. This Opera presents a remarkable variety of situations and sudden transitions from scenes of horror to pictures of the most extravagant joy. There is a continual opposition of festivals and atrocious conspiracies, of poignards and garlands of flowers:—*The Danaides* may be a *monstrosity*, but it certainly is not a tedious Opera.

The music of this Opera was the subject of serious disputes: and, as is frequently the case in party affairs, some regarded as barbarous and void of expression, what others declared to be worthy of the greatest masters. *La Harpe* in his correspondence, mentions it with a degree of contempt which is rendered very ridiculous by the invariable success it has since obtained. The contest was so violent, that even the name of Gluck did not prevail until after the thirteenth representation: the score of Salieri was then estimated as it deserved, and his friend transferred to him the glory to which he was justly entitled. A certain air of peculiarity pervades the music of this Opera, it abounds in forcible expression particularly in the recitatives, and the concerted pieces are learned and rich in effect. The choruses are extremely various; they by turns present specimens of the terrible and the graceful in composition.

We cannot pronounce any opinion concerning the merit of the airs which were allotted to the dancing in the original score. Salieri himself appointed MM. Paer and Spontini to compose new ones. These two composers have judiciously preserved the peculiar characteristics of Salieri's music. The Bacchanalian dance at the termination of the fourth act is one of the most fanciful pieces in its kind that we recollect to have heard.

Madame Branchu performed the part of *Hypermnestra*. She is incomparable both as a singer and an actress. Madame Saint Huberti never infused more grace and feeling

into the airs of this Opera. They seem indeed to have been composed expressly for Madame Branchu. In the beautiful air in the second act:—

“Mon Père de votre famille,
Ne vous montrez pas l'assassin.”

She was twice encored with the most enthusiastic admiration.

The scenery and decorations of this Opera are inconceivably splendid. The scene of the infernal regions is beyond all praise; we seem to recognise in it the imagination of Dante and Milton, accommodated to the fables of Paganism. We may say with *Preville*, that he who conceived such a picture must have been possessed with the very devil. A week would be insufficient to describe it minutely. It is a picture of horror which bids fair to delight the Parisians, and to render the Opera a favourite throughout the winter.

THEATRE ROYAL ITALIEN.

First representation of *La Principessa in Campagna*, an opera-buffa in two acts.

There seems to be a fatality attending Italian musicians who compose operas in Paris; like French poets who write verses when abroad, they lose all the inspiration and taste by which they can be animated only in the country which gave them birth. *Signor Pucitta*, who is said to have obtained the most flattering success at the theatres of Italy, has produced in Paris mere cold and insipid compositions. The new opera will add nothing to the reputation of its composer; and it is merely for the sake of mentioning something, that we say the *bravura* in the first act, and the *terzetto* in the second, are the best pieces in the opera.

The honors of the Evening as usual devolved on Madame Catalani. It becomes every day more and more difficult to praise this lady. She so frequently affords us an opportunity of complimenting her, that the set phrases of eulogium become tiresome by repetition. We cannot find terms to express the grace with which she sang an air with variations by *Rode*. The exquisite performance of that celebrated artist on the violin can alone enable those who did not hear Madame Catalani, to form a notion of the brilliancy and correctness of her execution. This air excited general enthusiasm, and is we think likely to establish the success of the new Opera. Some persons were indiscreet enough to *encore* it, and Madame Catalani was so extremely complaisant as to comply with their wish; at the conclusion she was rewarded by a round of applause which lasted nearly ten minutes.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

We have come at last to the fortunate time when there is no news. The day of battles has, happily for the world, passed away; and, but for an occasional ambuscade at the foot of the Andes, or a chace of a *Pindarree* party in Hindostan, we should forget that there were such things as swords in the world,

or men mad enough to turn them on each other.

But in a gentler sense of the word, there is news enough; and Europe is at this moment full of the most interesting occupation, agitated with the discovery of vigorous remedies for its past tumults, and expanding with noble hopes for the happiness of posterity. We shall give a rapid glance at its kingdoms in succession.

In England, the last judgment has been done upon the spirit of insurrection. Meetings have been held for the establishment of fever hospitals. The reports of the Saving Banks have been most propitious, and these admirable institutions promise to introduce the elements of economy and industry among the most corrupted and hopeless classes of the people. Vaccination has made additional progress. The Society for abolishing the cleansing of chimneys by boys, has nearly completed its object. Meetings of the district Bible Associations have been held. Such are some of the labours of the English mind during a single week, and they have the distinction of English benevolence. There has been nothing similar to them on earth.

Our public relations have been undisturbed and unmarked. The rumour of some diminution of the allied force in France has been renewed. A proclamation has prohibited Englishmen from embarking in the service either of Spain or its Colonies during their contest. Stocks were so high as 83. The meeting of Parliament was fixed for January 27th.

In France, the liberty of the press has been virtually abolished; the newspapers having been given up to the superintendence of the Minister of Police for three years. A *conscription* has been proposed for recruiting the army! *M. De Caze* still engrosses the power of the ministry.

In Spain there seems to be, as in old times, poverty and tranquillity. The people have got back their Inquisition, and the Government the only thing for which they thought it worth while to negotiate, the Slave Trade for five years. For this brutal and wicked desire, they will be visited as sure as there is a God in Heaven; and it may be well for Spain and Portugal too, the only nations that have persevered in the traffic of human beings, if their punishment is not deeper than the loss of their colonial possessions.

A fleet from Algiers, with the plague on board, is hovering off the Peninsula.

VARIETIES.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Mr. Editor, The pleasure I felt in reading the wonderful effects of the *Alisma Plantago*, has induced me to intrude a request of a copy of the plant in your next valuable Paper.—I think I know the plant, and am very anxious to be certain, that I may make it known here; and I hope others will take the same trouble—pleasure rather; for great must be the gratification of relieving such distress as the horrid Hydrophobia produced, in this parish about two months since.

Your constant,
And very much gratified Reader,
CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

A LIGHT POET,

(AN IMITATION OF AN ANCIENT WRITER.)

Is one whose fancy is ever on the wing, and like the butterfly, or other insects less nice in their choice, flutters over and touches every object that comes in his way. He is no man for a cloudy day, nor in the sun are his flights too high; depth is equally out of his way; he is very soon aware of his danger, and shrinks like the timid bather from the power of the stream.

His Poetry is a hop, step, and a jump: his feathery lightness preserves him from the blows of the critics, as a straw floating in the air could not be hurt by a cannon-ball. A showy binding and a small compass, finds him a place on the shelves of the ladies, and with the toilet gear comes in for a share of their attention.

Could his brain-fancies become visible, they would resemble a milliner's shop, where artificial flowers, gauze, and ribbons made up the amount. His gilt binding may for a time preserve him from an elevation he never meant to reach, but if not kept down by the grosser articles of cheese and butter, may at last find his station in the tail of a kite.

A French author, of the name of *Bail*, has just published a treatise on the Jews of the nineteenth century. Though as a sort of *Jew Bail* we know not what credit his testimony may receive, we may notice that he calculates the whole Jewish population upon the globe at 6,598,000. He allots 12,000 to London, and 50,000 to England; America only 3000; Poland a million; Russia 200,000; German states half a million; France 50,000 Italy, 200,000; Netherlands 80,000; Sweden and Denmark 5000; Spain and Portugal 10,000; Persia, China and India, half a mil-

lion; and the Mohammedan states of the three quarters of the old world, four millions.

HOW TO LOOK FOR LOST PROPERTY.

A countryman had driven his horses into the woods to graze, and when he came in the evening to drive them home, a grey horse was missing. He looked a great while for him, and ran about the neighbourhood to no purpose. At length he met a man on horse-back, and asked him if he had seen his grey horse.—"No," said he, "but have you looked for him?"—"To be sure," answered the countryman, "every where."—"Every where," answered the horseman; "have you looked for him in the crow's nest on that tree?"—"No," said the countryman, "how should he come up there?"—"That is all the same to you," replied the other, "only climb up; one must look for lost things where there is the least reason to expect them; if they were in the place one supposes them, they would not be lost."—The countryman, who had no answer to make to this, began climbing up the high tree; and when he had hardly got half-way up, he cried out joyfully, "I have found him, I have found him!"—"So I thought," said the man on horse-back, and rode away. Now the countryman had not indeed found the horse in the nest; but as crows build upon the highest trees he could overlook the whole wood, and then saw his horse grazing in a field beyond it.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Miss Lefanu, whose novel of *Strathallan* became so justly popular, has recently published another work, entitled *Helen Montague*. We have read it, and can safely recommend it to the perusal of all who received delight from *Strathallan*. The story is drawn from real life, and the incidents are such as do not shock by their improbability. The characters are forcibly delineated, especially the unrelenting one of Lord Rosastrevor, and the chivalrous high-minded Sir Almaric Douglas. The heroine of the work, *Helen Montague*, is touched off with all that delicacy and spirit which peculiarly distinguish the females of Miss Lefanu. There is enough of contrast between the characters, to create variety, without producing the effect of a studied and artificial contrariety. The best proof of the skill and judgment with which she has wrought her narrative, is to be found in the undiminished interest excited by its perusal to the last.

We hear that a second Course of Lectures will be given by Mr. Thelwall, extending to the Monday before Christmas.

Madame de Staël's new work on the French Revolution will shortly be published, in French and English, under the superintendence of Mr. William Schlegel, the literary executor of the Baroness. It will form 3 vols. 8vo.

We cannot at present assist our Correspondent more than by inserting his letter; but as the *Literary Gazette* has a considerable circulation over the Continent, we have no doubt the request it contains will obtain the notice it merits. Ed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

November 20—Thursday.

Thermometer from 31 to 47.

Barometer from 30, 64 to 30, 40.

Wind N. W. and S. W. —A thick fog in the morning, which dispersed about noon; afternoon much clearer, evening cloudy.

Friday, 21—Thermometer from 36 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 12 to 30, 05.

Wind S. W. —Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Saturday, 22—Thermometer from 36 to 46.

Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 36.

Wind N. b. E. and S. W.—Morning and noon cloudy, afternoon and evening much clearer.

Sunday, 23—Thermometer from 36 to 46.

Barometer from 30, 29 to 30, 21.

Wind W. b. S. —Generally cloudy.

Monday, 24—Thermometer from 41 to 50.

Barometer from 30, 05 to 30, 07.

Wind S. W. —Generally cloudy, with much small rain in the afternoon till the evening, when it became much clearer.

Tuesday, 25—Thermometer from 31 to 40.

Barometer from 29, 98 to 30, 29.

Wind W. and N. W. 1.—A white frost about seven, which disappeared about eight; morning cloudy, noon much clearer, afternoon and evening cloudy.—Rain fallen .05 of an inch.

Wednesday, 26—Thermometer from 35 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 27.

Wind W. b. S. —The sun shone pleasantly about one for a short time; the rest of the day cloudy.—Rain fallen .075 of an inch.

November 27—Thursday.

Thermometer from 41 to 52.

Barometer 30, stationary.

Wind S. W. —Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Friday, 28—Thermometer from 37 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 24.

Wind S. W. 1.—Generally cloudy.

Saturday, 29—Thermometer from 42 to 54.

Barometer from 30, 16 to 30, 14.

Wind S. W. and S. b. W. 2.—Cloudy, with a little small rain in the morning.

Sunday, 30—Thermometer from 42 to 59.

Barometer from 30, 13 to 30, 11.

Wind S. W. and S. b. W. 1.—Cloudy, with rain in the morning for a short time.

December 1—Monday.

Thermometer from 50 to 56.

Barometer from 30, 04 to 29, 89.

Wind S. b. W. 1.—Rain almost all the day; harder in the evening.

Tuesday, 2—Thermometer from 45 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 77 to 29, 70.

Wind S. W. —Rain at times through the day, with a little sunshine about noon; clear evening.—Rain fallen .45 of an inch.

Wednesday, 3—Thermometer from 30 to 42.

Barometer from 29, 68 to 29, 69.

Wind N. W. and N. S.—At sunrise the clouds rose and began to appear like falling weather; sleet at times in the afternoon.

Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.

Longitude 3. 51. W.

JOHN ADAMS.

Edmonton, Middlesex.